

It's a man down when we lurking
Pull up in all black we purging
Pull up in all black suburbans
If he ain't dead, we reversing
Blixky gang you know we gon murk him
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Blixky gang Tutu the general, sprint to this cash, I could show what this bread'll do
Chew in all it, don't do premiums, only surburban I'm lurking and seeing the m
Tripping, I'm clicking the smithen, I can't even witness
I be all up in her belly, leaving bitches limping
BNB so fuck a telly beamer when I'm drifting
I'm a freak and if she let me hit it, then I'm skeeting
Talk the flock on the reg, I'm flipping this block, I got one in the head
Let it off then we fled, I call up my shooters that blam him instead, Claim
NBA but they D-league, we bend they block in like 3 V's,
Watch how I make it look easy, clipping them Treys like I'm CP, They flockin
g, it's purging the season, my niggas talk birds they feening
He opping this murder, he bleeding, get spotted they shouldn't, they creepin
g

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I need me a fast stack, I think I might end up where your stash at, Dope and
lean till I'm past that, age of 14 kept guns in my backpack
When we bend, I'm like Mad Max, beamer knock off his wig or his dad hat
The language we talking is trapanese, can't trust a soul, these niggas be babbling
Bitches bend over, I'm cracking it, blam at ya man, we gone shoot it with accuracy
Youngest in charge, why they mad at me
Henny Patron, we still lean off the actavis
And it's still RIP to Flock tho, free twirlers really gotta watch hoes
Lil niggas shooting with they eyes closed aiming for his belly or nostrils

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